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Book and Job Printing
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

Poetry.

SONG OF THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

BY DR. STEPHENSON.

My song is of this happy land,
My sword is for its glory;
Now comrades fill—my toast is for
The warrior of her story.
May fame around their temples twine
The wreath which nought can sever;
And may their proudest motto be
"The Union's flag forever."

We own no sovereign—but the law—
The sovereign people made it—
No titled despots stain its code—
No lordling fops degrade it.
The "great republic" (thus we style
This mighty land of freedom)
Has warrior sons to guard her rights,
And warrior chiefs to lead them.

And beauty smiles throughout the land,
To charm and to caress us;
And who would spurn the soldier's lot,
When beauty deigns to bless us?
Before the world's applauding gaze
The gallant soldier's duty
Is first to stand for native land,
And then for native beauty.

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May fame around their temples twine
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And may their proudest motto be
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SONG.

BY H. R. FRENCH.

Written for the annual celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims, by the New England Society of the city of Washington, December 22, 1846.

We now commemorate a day
To Yankee hearts most dear, sir,
When savage eyes, in Plymouth bay,
Beheld a sight so queer, sir.
A ship approached the rocky shore,
Moved by the breeze apace, sir,
And on her frozen deck she bore
The fathers of our race, sir.

Yankee doodle, let us sing,
And with that day remember,
The first invented Yankee thing—
A "May Flower" in December!

Though cold and chill the wintry air—
Though drear the ice-bound coast, sir,
The May Flower's germs were planted there
Grew, and became a host, sir!
New England's soil could not contain
The fruit of their first bloom, sir,
And so it spread, like summer rain,
Far south and west for room, sir.

Yankee doodle, let us sing,
And with that day remember,
The first invented Yankee thing—
A "May Flower" in December.

We cannot stop, in this, our lay,
Our dwellings to release all,
We are—at least so people say—
"The Nation universal!"
Our stripes and stars, o'er the whole world,
We on our flag display, sir,
And soon, we guess, 'twill wave unfurled,
A glorious milky-way, sir.

While east, and west, and north, and south,
Join in the good old chorus,
Yankee doodle, keep it up,
That flag still floats o'er us.

Now since we've got so nation strong,
We curious have become, sir,
And on our railroads, all along, *
Our locomotives hum, sir,
Our ships go steaming o'er the sea,
We steam it on to land, sir,
And Morse, and electricity,
Are rushing hand in hand, sir!

Yankee doodle, speed the flash,
All along the way, sir,

"Till Orleans hears the breakers dash,
In Fundy's stormy bay, sir!

This nation's course cannot be curbed,
It's genius cannot stay, sir,
And soon 'twill have a patent out
For storming Monterey, sir!
The civil world before never saw
A thing so neatly done, sir,
Old Zack, to carry on a war is
The Rough and Ready one, sir.

Yankee doodle was the time
That led them on so handily—

The fife filed, the drummers drummed,
Old Yankee doodle dandy,

We calculate New England

Will always be our home, sir.

Wherever else, in this broad land,

It is our chance to roost, sir,

But, though our hearths and altars there

Have bright and brighter grown, sir,

We hail each brother of this land

A brother of our own, sir?

Yankee doodle, good old tune,

The nation all can sing, sir,

Then strike the chorus, one and all,

And make the welkin ring, sir!

THE STORY TELLER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

LEGENDS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

FOURTH OF JULY, 1776.

Let me paint you a picture on a canvass of the Past.

It is a cloudless summer day. Yes, a clear blue sky arches and smiles above a quaint edifice rising among giant trees, in the centre of a wide city. That edifice is built of red brick, with heavy window frames and a massive hall door.—The wide-spreading dome of St. Peter's the snowy pillars of the Parthenon, the gloomy glory of Westminster Abbey—none of these, nor any thing like, are here to elevate this edifice of plain red brick, into a gorgeous monument of architecture.

Plain red brick the walls; the windows partly framed in stone; the roof-edges heavy with intricate carvings; and the hall door ornamented with pillars of dark stone; such is the State House of Philadelphia in this year of our Lord, 1776.

Around this edifice stately trees arise. Under the dark walls of Walnut street gond, spreads a pleasant lawn, enclosed by a plain board fence. Above our heads, these trees lock their massive limbs and spread their leafy canopy.

There are walks here too, not fashioned as squares and circles, but spreading in careless negligence along the lawn. Benches too, rude benches, on which repose their arms.

This is a beautiful day, and this a pleasant lawn; but why do those clusters of citizens, with anxious faces, gather round the State House walls? There is the Merchant in his velvet garb, and ruffled shirts; there the Mechanic, with apron on his breast and tools in his hands; there the bearded Sailor and the dark-robed Minister all grouped together.

Why this anxiety on every face? This gathering in little groups all over the lawn!

Yet hold a moment! In yonder wooden steeple, which crowns the red-brick State House, stands an old man with white hair and sunburnt face. He is clad in humble attire, yet his eye gleams, as it is fixed upon the ponderous outline of the bell, suspended in the steeple there. The old man tries to read the inscription on that bell, but cannot. Out upon the waves, far away in the forest; thus has his life been passed.

He is no scholar; he scarcely can spell one of those strange words carved on the surface of that bell.

By his side, gazing in his face—that sunburnt face in wonder, stands a flaxen-haired boy with laughing eyes of summer blue.

Come here, my boy; you are a rich man's child. You can read. Spell me those words, and I'll bless ye, my good child!

And the child raises itself on tip-toe and presses its tiny hands against the bell, and reads, in lisping tones, these memorable words:

"PROCLAIM LIBERTY TO ALL THE LAND AND ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF."

The old man ponders for a moment on those strange words; then gathering the boy in his arms, he speaks:

"Look here, my child! Wilt do the old man a kindness? Then hast thou down stairs, and wait in the hall, by the big door, until a man shall give you a message for me. A man with a velvet dress and a kind face, will come out from the big door, and give you a word for me. When he gives you that word, then run out yonder, in the street, and shout it up to me. Do you mind?"

It needed no second command. The boy with blue eyes and flaxen hair sprang from the old Bell-keeper's arms, and threaded his way down the dark stairs.

The old Bell-keeper was alone. Many minutes passed. Leaning over the railing of the steeple, his face toward Chestnut street, he looked anxiously for that fair-haired boy. Moments passed, yet still he came not. The crowds gathered more darkly along the pavement and over the lawn, yet still the boy came not.

"Ah!" groaned the old man, "he has forgotten me! These old limbs will have to totter down the State House stairs and climb up again, and all on account of that child!"

As the word was on his lips, a merry, ringing laugh broke on his ear. There, among the crowds on the pavement, stood the blue-eyed boy clasping his tiny hands, while the breeze blew his flaxen hair all about his face.

And then swelling his little chest, he raised himself on tip-toe, and shouted a single word—

"Rise!"

Do you see that old man's eye fire? Do you see that arm so suddenly bared to the shoulder, do you see that withered hand, grasping the Iron Tongue of the Bell? The old man is young again; his veins are filled with new life. Backward and forward, with sturdy strides, he swings the Tongue. The Bell speaks out! The crowd in the street, hear it, and burst forth in one long shout! Old Delaware hears it, and gives it back in the hurrah of her thousand sailors. The city bears it, and starts up from desk and work-bench as though an earthquake had spoken.

Yet still while the sweat pours from his brow, that old Bell-Keeper hurls the iron tongue, and still—boom—boom—boom—the Bell speaks to the city and the world.

There is a terrible poetry in the sound of that State House Bell at dead of night, when striking its sullen and solemn—ON! It rouses crime from its task, mirth from its wine-cup, murder from its knife, bribery from its gold. There is a terrible poetry in that sound. It speaks to us like a voice from our youth—like a knell of God's judgment—like a solemn yet kind remembrancer of friends, now dead and gone.

There is a terrible poetry in that sound at dead of night, but there was a day when the echo of that Bell awoke a world, slumbering in tyranny and crime!

Yes, as the old man swung the Iron Tongue, the Bell spoke to all the world. The sound crossed the Atlantic—pierced the dungeons of Europe—the work-shops of England—the vassal-fields of France.

That Echo spoke to the slave—bade him look from his toil—and know himself a man.

That Echo startled the Kings upon their crumbling thrones.

That Echo was the knell of King-craft, Priest-craft, and all other crafts, born of the darkness of ages, and baptised in seas of blood!

Yes, the voice of that little boy, who lifting himself on tip-toe, with his flaxen hair blowing in the breeze, shouted—"Ring!"—had a deep and awful meaning in its infant tones!

Why did that word "Ring!"—why did that Echo of the State House Bell speak such deep and awful meaning to the world? What had that word "Ring!"—the Echo of that Bell to do with the downfall of the Dishonest Priest or Traitor King?

Under that very Bell, pealing out at noonday, in an old hall, fifty-six traders, farmers and mechanics, had assembled to shake the shackles of the world.

Now let us look upon this band of plain men, men in such solemn council. It is now half an hour previous to the moment when the Bell-Ringer responded to the shout of the fair-haired boy.

This is an old hall. It is not so large as many a monarch's ante-room; you might put a hundred like it within the walls of St. Peter's and yet it is a fine old hall. The walls are concealed in dark oaken wainscoting, and there along the unclosed windows the purple tapestry comes drooping down.

The ornaments of this hall?

Over the head of that noble-browed man is round your neck! Sign! If the next moment this hall rings with the echo of the falling axe! Sign!

By all your hopes in life or death as husbands—fathers—as men—sign your names to the Parchment or be accursed for ever!

Sign! if the next moment the gibbet's rope is round your neck! Sign! if the next moment this hall rings with the echo of the falling axe! Sign!

Sign—and not only for yourselves, but for all ages. For that Parchment will be the Text-book of Freedom—the Bible of the Rights of Man for ever!

Sign—for that Declaration will go forth to Man, to the Kings of the world! And shall we falter now? And shall we start back appalled when our feet press the very threshold of Freedom? Do I see quailing faces around me, when our wives have been butchered—when the hearthstones of our land are red with the blood of little children?

What are these shrinking hearts and faltering voices here, when the very Dead of our battle-fields arise, and call upon us to sign that Parchment or be accursed for ever?

Sign! if the next moment the gibbet's rope is round your neck! Sign! if the next moment this hall rings with the echo of the falling axe! Sign!

By all your hopes in life or death as husbands—fathers—as men—sign your names to the Parchment or be accursed for ever!

Sign—and not only for yourselves, but for all ages. For that Parchment will be the Text-book of Freedom—the Bible of the Rights of Man for ever!

Sign—for that Declaration will go forth to the world, that the king has many servants, but no friend. The Arab has no servant, but he has a horse. The Arab is richer than the king.

The rose is sweetest when it first opens, and the spikenard roots when the head dies. Beauty belongs to youth, and dies with it; but the odor of piety survives death, and perfumes the tomb.

The fishes are mute, lest they should reveal the secrets of great deep. Solomon knew them, and yet he died.

The traveller in the desert, when his camel puts his nose into the sand, throws himself on his face, and death flies over him.

What the prudent man seeth the viziers do, that doeth he likewise, and saith his head.

Fire createth all things, and destroyeth all things. A little is life, but a great deal is death. Love is like a diamond with a flaw in it; it is precious, but imperfect.

The nightingale sings not by day, for then the angels sleep. They wake with the stars, and she cheers them with their watching.

Life to the young, is a fairy tale just opened to the old, it is a tale just through, ending with death.

Misery is written on the portals of Paradise. Joy is written on the gates of Hell.

The rose prayed for a gift, and the genius gave it thorns. The rose wept until it saw the antelope eating lilies.

Look! How they rush forward—stout-hearted John Hancock has scarcely time to sign his bold name, before the pen is grasped by another—an other and another! Look how the names blaze on the Parchment—Adams and Lee and Jefferson and Carroll, and now, Roger Sherman the Shoemaker.

And here comes good old Stephen Hopkins—trembling with palsy he totters forward quivering from head to foot with his shaking hands he seizes the pen, he scratches his patriotic name.

Then comes Benjamin Franklin the Printer, and now the tall man in the red cloak advances, the man who made the fiery speech a moment ago—with the same hand that but now waved in such fiery scorn he writes his name—Patriot! BENJAMIN!

And now the Parchment is signed; and now let word go forth to the People in the streets—to the homes of America—to the camp of Mister Washington and the Palace of George the Idiot King—let word go out to all the earth—

And old man in the steeple, now bare your arm, and grasp the Iron Tongue, and let the bell speak out the great truth :

FIFTY-SIX TRADERS AND FARMERS AND MECHANICS HAVE THIS DAY SHOOK THE SHACKLES OF THE WORLD!

Hark! Hark to the toll of that Bell!

Is there not a deep poetry in that sound, a poetry more sublime than Shakespeare or Milton?

Is there not a music in the sound, that reminds you of those awful tones which broke from angel-lips, when the news of the child Jesus burst on the Shepherds of Bethlehem?

For that Bell now speaks out to the world, that—

GOD HAS GIVEN THE AMERICAN CONTINENT TO THE FREE—THE TOILING MILLIONS OF THE HUMAN RACE—AS THE LAST ALTAR OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN ON THE GLOBE—THE HOME OF THE OPPRESSED, FOREVERMORE!

SAYINGS FROM THE PERSIAN.

The horse that is ever bounding makes a short journey long. The man that is ever vaunting, journeys little.</p

From the Eastern Argus.

MR. GIDDINGS ON THE WAR.

This is the gentleman, our readers will remember, who left his seat in Congress last summer on a mission to Maine to bring about a union of the Whigs and Abolitionists, to defeat the Democracy at the late election. This fact we trust will be deemed a sufficient apology for noticing his speech on the war, although it may well be supposed our time and paper could be devoted to a much better purpose. The speech itself is not before us, but a writer in the Boston Courier has given an analysis of it, and denounces it "manly, hearty, earnest, Christian speech." This writer takes a great deal of pride in the fact that Mr. Giddings, though now a Representative from the State of Ohio, is of Connecticut stock, and on this ground claims him to be, "in a certain sense, a New England Whig." This claim no man will dispute, for the sentiments which he utters breathe too strongly the genuine spirit of old Massachusetts federalism to require further credentials as to who he is, and whom he represents.

His first position is that the war, from the commencement, "is all aggression, injustice and outrage, on our part." To support it, he cites an extract from the despatch of Gen. Taylor to the Adjutant General of the 6th of April, 1846, as follows:

"On our side, a battery for four 18-pounders will be completed, and the guns placed in battery to-day. These guns bear directly upon the public square of Matamoros, and without good range of demolishing the town."

From this evidence alone he argues, or rather asserts, that the President cannot be sustained in the position that this Government was acting on the defensive. How any man of common sense can come to any other conclusion, unless he wishes to show his own country in the wrong, the public will judge. There is not a particle of evidence tending to show any other object but self-defence. Where should our guns be brought to bear, for a successful defence, if not directly across the enemy's territory? Where should the threatened invasion be prepared to be resisted, but at the very threshold? This "manly, hearty, earnest christian," and "New England whig," would have undoubtedly been satisfied if our Government had kept our army this side of the Sabine, and would not have, even then, pointed a gun at the enemy, if we lost Texas. Yes, more, if the past course of Mr. G. is any evidence what he would be willing to do, it is fair to presume that he would not only have permitted Mexico to re-conquer Texas, but, as a peace offering, would have even thrown in every slave State in the Union, and then think we had made the best end of the bargain!

This same Christian Whig next attempts to show that the President never assigned the failure to pay our claim as a cause for war, until after hostilities had been commenced. Well, what of it? Would not the public judgment have denounced the Administration as knaves or fools, after Mexico had determined that all causes of controversy should be settled by the sword, to have let the enemy off, after merely driving him back? Would such a course have been wise, patriotic and Christian-like, on our part? Mexico chose her own tribunal to settle all our difficulties—that tribunal was the sword—and if this Government should now relax its exertions to compel Mexico to pay our claims and indemnities, there is no possible way in which our causes of complaint could ever be adjusted. How perfectly idle, then, is it to say that this is a war of aggression and injustice. Note—but manly, hearty, earnest, Christian, New England Whigs will do so.

Another assertion is, that the war is in behalf of slavery. Oh, of course—who ever knew of a single act of a Democratic Administration which was not conceived by slave-masters, or carried out but to extend and perpetuate human bondage! Why, according to Mr. Giddings, every measure of the Government since its origin has been shaped to this end, and every appointment, from the highest to the lowest, has been made with a single eye to that object. He never made a speech in his life, upon any subject however trifling, without luging in his perpetual twaddle about slavery. It is this that has alone given him notoriety, and he is determined to ride his hobby to death. It would be worse than idle to notice further this part of his speech.—Every body knows that some of the most distinguished Southern statesmen, who by this same Mr. G. have formerly been denounced as the guardians and special friends of slavery, have, from the outset, disengaged themselves from the war. The truth is, a war with Mexico is a war against slavery. In the language of the Boston Times:

"Our 'sacred bayonets,' in the conquered provinces of Mexico, will compel the tyrants that now people them, to abolish that infamous peculiarity of the Mexican code—slavery for debt; for, as is well known, insolvent debtors, and even their children, are sold for the payment of debts—and some of them remain in bondage forever. It is true that negro slavery does not exist among them, for while the Mexicans have the power of enslaving their own countrymen, they are perfectly content; and left to themselves, this odious feature of white slavery would be perpetuated. A war with Mexico is therefore a war against slavery in its worst form."

The conclusion, then, of the whole matter, according to Mr. G. is, that the President has violated the Constitution in commencing a war of aggression and injustice, and that Congress ought to withhold granting any further supplies for its further prosecution! This ton sounds very much like the New England whiggery of 1812. No one will doubt his stock, or detract from the glory due him for maintaining such a position. But decidedly the cream of the speech yet remains to be noticed. Mr. G. in justifying himself to Chatham, Burke, Fox, Sheridan and others, who in Parliament, in 1776, sought to rally their countrymen in opposition to the war against this country! Shades of the departed, little did those great statesmen ever dream of being found in such company! Let the Whigs hereafter, as they have heretofore, oppose the country in every effort to vindicate its honor and integrity, and they have only to rally under the names of the English Whigs of '76, to escape the

odium which they feel to be just. This "manly, hearty, earnest, Christian, New England Whig," therefore invokes the "Whigs of our day" to withhold all further aid in prosecution of the war. Let them do so, if they choose. The American people will not find it a difficult thing to distinguish between English Whigs and American Tories, nor will they be slow to brand with infamy those who would thus steal the livery of Heaven in which to serve a hard task-master—but the Whigs will not dare pursue the policy here marked out for them.

BACKING AND FILLING.

After Great Britain had refused the offer of a Representative from the State of Ohio, is of Connecticut stock, and on this ground claims him to be, "in a certain sense, a New England Whig." This claim no man will dispute, for the sentiments which he utters breathe too strongly the genuine spirit of old Massachusetts federalism to require further credentials as to who he is, and whom he represents.

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From the New York Globe.

THE MEXICAN WAR—IS OUR GOVERNMENT JUSTIFIED IN PROSECUTING IT?

An examination of the official documents on file in the State Department at Washington shows ninety-five instances of wanton murder, robbery, aggression, and outrage, perpetrated by the Mexican authorities upon the persons and property of American citizens! An abstract of these cases is about to be published in the New Hampshire Patriot, and also issued from the office of the paper in pamphlet form. There will be a sufficient number of copies issued to supply all who desire to become acquainted with a history of the wrongs and injuries our people have sustained from the government of Mexico. It will be an important and interesting document, and we hope it will be circulated throughout the Union.

When the people of the United States became fully acquainted with the causes that led to the war in which we are now engaged, the manifold wrongs and grievances we have borne from Mexico ever since she became an independent government, all opposition to the war will cease.—If war can ever be justified by an appeal to the reason and intelligence of men, then the one in which we are now engaged is a just and righteous war.

Had Mexico been a powerful monarchy, and had her conduct towards our government and people been the same that it has, war would have been declared against her long ago. It is her weakness that has prolonged the period of chastisement due to her crimes. That period has, however, arrived, and every just principle of humanity requires that the chastisement should be in proportion to the magnitude of the crimes she has committed.

It is surprising that a narrative of the wrongs we have suffered from Mexico has not been long ago transcribed from the official documents in the State Department and spread before the people. The President, in his recent message, alludes to these wrongs, and the great desire on the part of our government to obtain redress without an appeal to arms. The President truly says: "That compulsory measures of redress, under similar provocations committed by any of the powerful nations of Europe, would have been promptly resorted to by the United States, cannot be doubted. The national honor, and the preservation of the national character throughout the world, as well as our own self-respect, and the protection due to our own citizens, would have rendered such a resort indispensable. The history of no civilized nation in modern times has presented, within so brief a period, so wanton attacks upon the honor of its flag, and upon the property and persons of its citizens, as have been borne by the United States from the Mexican authorities and people." But Mexico

was a sister republic, on the same continent, occupying territory contiguous to our own, and was in feeble condition; and these considerations induced our government and people to forbear until longer forbearance would have made us equally criminal with Mexico.

FROM MEXICO.

MONTREY, Dec. 5, 1846.

I had the pleasure of more than an hour's conversation with one of the prisoners released by Santa Anna, and he gave me many interesting items, both as regards his capture and of Mexican affairs. The gentleman's name is Henry P. Lyons.

Mr. Lyons says, that the first intimation they had of their release was from a Mexican Colonel, who handed each man \$10 from Santa Anna, and told them they were at liberty to depart. Other than the trying and forced marches, the treatment was good.

It was currently reported and believed in the Mexican camp, on the 10th ult., that Vera Cruz had surrendered to the Americans. The colonel was interrogated on that head by Mr. L., who answered that he believed it was so. When asked where Gen. Ampudia was, he stated that he was in the Castle of Perote, where Mexico put all cowardly Generals.

Mr. Lyons speaks Spanish, and had an opportunity of learning much of the doings of the enemy. He states that when Santa Anna was notified that the armistice had been terminated by our Government, he was greatly enraged, and accused us of breaking our engagement; and this, too, after he had ordered a part of his army back to Saltillo and the Pass to Durango. It was thought that Gen. Kearney was marching down from New Mexico, and the force destined for the Pass to Durango was to oppose him at that point, but when news of the whereabouts of Gen. Wool reached San Luis, this project was abandoned for they knew he would be first on the ground.

The latter place is now cut off from them—Santa Anna had addressed the soldiers on three occasions, and every time on the same subject—the first time he told them that the force was so large, and money so scarce that he was compelled to reduce their pay from 25 cents to 18 3/4 cents. Shortly after it was reduced to 12 1/2 and then to 6 1/4. He pledged them his private name for the remainder at some future day.

On the night of the 5th ult., a courier arrived from the capital, with news that a pronunciamento had taken place, and that Herrera had driven Almonte from the city. In consequence of this intelligence, Santa Anna had ordered Gen. Valencia to take seven regiments of infantry and march to Mexico as soon as possible. He would have sent a large force but for his advices from this quarter, representing that Gen. Taylor would leave for San Luis on or about the 15th ult.; so that seven regiments were all that he could spare out of 31,000 and such a formidable force approaching him. Mr. Lyon's says that notwithstanding the scarcity of water on the road—one stretch of 52 miles with

out a drop—they took for our forces three, big ditches and throwing up embankments of earth around the city. So terrible is the name of Gen. Taylor becomes that the Mexican people believe he can travel 100 miles without water.

With Worth beyond Rincón—Wool in command of the Pass to Durango, and a force which will shortly be at the lower pass near Victoria, the Northern Provinces will be cut off from the enemy.

Whilst Gen. Wool was en route to Para he captured at least 1000 mules, loaded with flour. They were from Durango, and destined to Son Luis Potosí.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

In order to prosecute the war against Mexico with vigor and success, it is necessary that authority should be promptly given by Congress to increase the regular army, and to remedy existing defects in its organization. With this view, your favorable attention is invited to the annual report of the Secretary of War, which accompanied my message of the 8th inst., in which I recommended that ten additional regiments of regular troops shall be raised, to serve during the war.

Of the additional regiments of volunteers which have been called from several of the States, some have been promptly raised, but this has not been the case in regard to all. The existing law requiring that they should be organized by the independent action of the state governments, has in some instances occasioned considerable delay, and it is yet uncertain when the troops required can be ready for service in the field.

It is our settled policy to maintain in lieu of peace, as small a regular army as the exigencies of the public will permit. In a state of war, notwithstanding the great advantages in which our service, a peculiar property exists for increasing the officers, especially in the highest grades.—The number of such officers, which from age or other causes, are rendered incapable of active service in the field, has seriously impaired the efficiency of the army.

From the report of the Secretary of War, it appears that about two-thirds of the whole regiments field officers are either permanently or necessarily detached from their commands on other duties. The long enjoyment of peace has prevented us from experiencing much embarrassment from this cause, but now, in a state of war conducted in a foreign country, it has produced serious injury to the public service.

An efficient organization of the army, composed of regulars and volunteers, while prosecuting the war in Mexico, it is believed would require the appointment of a general officer to take command of all our military forces in the field.

Upon the conclusion of the war, such an officer would no longer be necessary, and should be dispensed with upon the reduction of the army to a peace establishment. I recommend that provision be made, by law, for the appointment of such a general officer to serve during the war.

It is respectfully recommended that early action should be had by Congress upon the suggestions submitted for their consideration, as necessary to ensure active and efficient service in prosecuting the war, before the present favorable season for military operations in the enemy's country shall have passed away.

JAMES K. POLK.

Washington, 20th Dec. 1846.

THE NEW ATTORNEY GENERAL. Mr. Clifford's nomination was unanimously confirmed by the Senate the day after he made his *debut* in the Supreme Court of the United States in an important case—a very high and well deserved compliment. A Washington correspondent of the Portland Argus makes the following gratifying report:

"The case was the United States, *Plt.* in Error, vs. the Bank of the U. S. It was generally known to Senators that it was to be opened at that time by the new Attorney General; and it may well be supposed, therefore, that many of them would be present to witness his effort. Such was the case; and if any of them had before entertained any doubts as to his high qualifications for the office, they were, I venture to say, entirely removed. The cause had been ably argued in the Circuit Court, before Judge McLean, who had given an opinion in favor of the Bank, to which a writ of error had been brought to the S. J. Court. The hearing of Mr. C. occupied nearly three hours, and was a most able, learned, and, I thought, conclusive argument, embracing, as one of the Court told me, many strong and several original views of the case. There was no attempt at display, nor the slightest repetition—but a continued and well connected chain of argument, which, if I am not mistaken, will puzzle the lawyers and ingenuity of Mr. Sergeant to break. Messrs. Cadwallader and Sargent, of Philadelphia, gentlemen of great eminence, are for the Bank. It is generally believed that the opinion of Judge McLean will be reversed.

NEW YORK. The legislature met on Monday, Lt. Gov. Gardner presiding in the Senate. In the House Wm. C. Hoskrouse, of Orange, was chosen speaker; P. B. Prindle, of Chenango, clerk; Daniel B. Davis, Montgomery, sergeant-at-arms—all feds. The message of Gov. John Young was read, and in moderate length, and entirely confined to state matters. He says not a word about anti-slavery.

His message was sent to the legislature at noon on Tuesday, and telegraphed to the New York Herald in 3 1/4 hours.

MISSISSIPPI. The democratic candidate for congress, Mr. Ellet, of Port Gibson, has been elected over his whig opponent, Col. Starke, by between two and three thousand majority.

IOWA. One balloting for U. S. senator took place in convention of the two houses of the legislature on the 18th ult. Judge Wilson, one of caucus candidates of the democracy, received 29 votes, and Jonathan McCarty, of Lee county, a like number. McCarty is what is called in Iowa a "possum democrat." The legislature adjourned over to the 5th of January.

KENTUCKY. The legislature assembled at Frankfort on Thursday last. Gen. Leslie Combs was chosen speaker of the house, 65 to 35. The choice of U. S. senator was thought to lie between ex-governor Letcher and Mr. Underwood.

PENOBSCOT BURN. The steamer Penobscot while lying at the wharf at East Boston on the morning of the 7th inst., took fire near the boiler, at about a quarter to six, and was consumed, except her hull and engine. The boat was worth about \$40,000. She was owned by Capt. Sanford, of New York, Capt. Kimball and R. K. Page of Hallowell.

The Penobscot has been laid up about six weeks. She was about three years old, and was a great favorite with the public.

The Traveller says—the Penobscot was undergoing repairs, and it is thought the fire was the work of an incendiary. The joines' work below is entirely burnt, as well as the furniture and bedding of the boat. The deck is badly injured; but the machinery and boiler appear not to have been damaged. The hull is partially burnt. The whole damage is estimated at \$15,000; on which there is no insurance. The steamer Kennebec, which lay alongside, was removed without injury, having an anchor out.

PRESSURE OF THE SEA. If a piece of wood

which floats on the water be forced down to a greater depth in the sea, the pressure of the surrounding liquid will be forced into the pores of the wood, and so increase its weight that it will no longer be capable of floating or rising to the surface. Hence the timber of ships, which have founders in the deep part of the ocean, never rise again to the surface, like those which have sunk near the shore.

A diver may with impunity

plunge to certain depths of the sea; but there is a limit beyond which he cannot live under the pressure to which he is subject. For the same reason it is probable that there is a depth at which the fishes cannot live. They have, according to Joslin, been caught in a depth at which they must have sustained a pressure of eighty tons to each square foot of the surface of their bodies.

County Commissioners' Accounts.

County of Oxford to Joseph Tobin, Dr.

For services as County Commissioner.

June 2d, 1846.—To travel from Livermore to Mexico Corner and from North Wethrop back, on petition of Isaac N. Stanley and others, for a joint view, 20 miles, 5 00
Attendance four days, 15 00
Four ferrings, 45

June 3d.—To travel from Livermore to North Turner Bridge and back on petition of R. Clay and others, 18 miles, 1 80

Attendance eight days, 20 00

June 5th.—To travel from Livermore to North Wethrop and back on petition of Amos Gage—55 miles, 8 50

Attendance three days, 7 50

July 2d.—To travel from Livermore to Rumford to gate on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance one day, 10 00

July 10th.—To travel from Livermore to North Paris and back on petition of Cyrus Bates et al—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance three days, 10 00

Aug. 13th.—To travel from Livermore to Norway on petition of Selectmen of said town—sixty-five miles, 15 00

Attendance twelve days, 14 00

Aug. 24th.—To travel from Livermore to John P. Perley's in Bridgton and back on petition of John P. Perley and others—one hundred and ten miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

Sept. 8, 1846.—To travel from Porter to Peru and back, one hundred and forty miles, on petition of Solomon T. Alden and others, 14 00

Three days attendance on same, 11 00

Sept. 15th.—To travel from Porter to Andover Corner and from Andover North Surplus to Porter, one hundred and sixty seven miles, on petition of Silvanus Poor and others, 16 70

Attendance twenty-four days, 15 00

Sept. 22d.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance one day, 10 00

Sept. 29th.—To travel from Porter to Peru and back, one hundred and forty miles, on petition of Solomon T. Alden and others, 14 00

Attendance eight days, 20 00

Oct. 13th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

Oct. 20th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

Oct. 27th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

Nov. 3d.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

Nov. 10th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

Nov. 17th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

Nov. 24th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

Nov. 31st.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

Dec. 8th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

Dec. 15th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

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Attendance four days, 10 00

Jan. 5th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

Jan. 12th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

Jan. 19th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

Jan. 26th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

Feb. 2nd.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

Feb. 9th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

Feb. 16th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

Feb. 23d.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

Feb. 30th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

Mar. 6th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

Mar. 13th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

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Apr. 31st.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

May 7th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

May 14th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

May 21st.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

May 28th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

June 4th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

June 11th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

June 18th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

June 25th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

June 32d.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

July 9th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

Attendance four days, 10 00

July 16th.—To travel from Porter to Rumford, and back on petition of R. Clay—55 miles, 11 00

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Attendance four days, 10 00

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